

## Robert Spencer

### SPIDERS

Though I call them my friends  
I don't suppose they call me anything,  
But know me by the stirring of their webs  
I cause, a signature vibrato, heard  
Through their heels and meaning  
Merely, were it translatable,  
*Mucho grande.*

And I love and admire them,  
For of their one talent they make much use;  
Their webs, their silken whirling webs,  
Serve not only as their airy homes,  
Nor only as sensory apparatus,  
But also as traps for flies. Spiders  
Are quiet, patient, and utterly fearless.  
At night they wander our walls and ceilings  
But do not drop upon us as we sleep.  
And they see in the dark.

Now, all around me in my world  
Are pretenders to absolute power.  
Such men may yet destroy us all, so vast  
And unwieldy their lust and ambition.  
But where, where,  
Are the men and women  
Powerful yet good; strong,  
But absolutely humble. Alas,  
An impossible contradiction. Humility  
Serves not the interests of power.  
Such men and such women,  
I'll tell you now where they are.  
They are making their homes secure.  
They are keeping their eyes and ears open;  
Husbanding patience, teaching their children,  
Talking quietly in the evening among friends.  
They are becoming fearless  
(Like Christ, like Ghandi, like King),  
And learning to see  
In this dark.